

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Narrative of the Operations and Recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs, and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia; and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the Ancient Berenice, and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By G. Belzoni. 4to. pp. 483. London, 1820.

THE various accounts which have been published of the operations and discoveries of M. Belzoni, in Egypt, and the knowledge of his enterprising character, which combated every difficulty, has long excited much anxious expectation for his own narrative. That narrative is now given to the public, and although it differs much from the erroneous accounts which have been published, yet it will be found highly interesting, and justify the expectations which have been raised.

There, perhaps, could scarcely be found an individual better qualified for the arduous task which M. Belzoni has achieved, than himself. Possessing an athletic person, (six feet seven inches high,) and great muscular strength, he was enabled to bear fatigues and make exertions in which feebler persons must have failed; but, above all, his ardent and insatiable thirst after antiquities, urged him into researches which few would have encountered, and still fewer have succeeded.

In the preface, M. Belzoni states, that as he made his discoveries alone, he has been anxious to write his book himself, hoping that the public will gain in the fidelity of the narrative, what it loses in elegance. He praises very justly Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Burckhardt, whose interesting works contain so much valuable information on the subject of Egypt and Nubia. As most readers wish to know something of the history of an author, we quote M. Belzoni's brief account of himself. He says,—

'My native place is the city of Padua: I am of a Roman family, which had resided there for many years. The state and troubles of Italy in 1800, which are too well known to require any comment from me, compelled me to leave it, and from that time I have visited different parts of Europe, and suffered many vicissitudes. The greater part of my younger days I passed in Rome, the former abode of my ancestors, where I was preparing myself to become a monk; but the sudden entry of the French army into that city altered the course of my education, and being destined to travel, have been a wanderer ever since. My family supplied me occasionally with remittances; but as they were not rich, I did not choose to be a burthen to them, and contrived to live on my own industry, and the little knowledge I had acquired in various branches. I turned my chief attention to hydraulics, a science that I had learned in Rome, which I found much to my advantage, and which was ultimately the very cause of my going to Egypt. For I had good information, that a hydraulic machine would be of great service in that country, to irrigate the fields, which want water only, to make them produce at any

time of the year. But I am rather anticipating. In 1803 I arrived in England, soon after which I married, and, after residing in it nine years, I formed the resolution of going to the south of Europe. Taking Mrs. Belzoni with me, I visited Portugal, Spain, and Malta, from which latter place we embarked for Egypt, where we remained from 1815 to 1819. Here I had the good fortune to be the discoverer of many remains of antiquity of that primitive nation. I succeeded in opening one of the two famous Pyramids of Ghizeh, as well as several of the tombs of the Kings at Thebes. Among the latter, that which has been pronounced by one of the most distinguished scholars of the age, to be the tomb of Psammetichus, is at this moment the principal, the most perfect, and splendid monument in that country. The celebrated bust of young Memnon, which I brought from Thebes, is now in the British Museum; and the alabaster sarcophagus, found in the tombs of the kings, is on its way to England.

'Near the second cataract of the Nile, I opened the temple of Ybsambul; then made a journey to the coast of the Red Sea, to the city of Berenice, and afterwards an excursion in the western Elloah, or Oasis. I now embarked for Europe, and, after an absence of twenty years, returned to my native land, and to the bosom of my family; from whence I proceeded to England.'

The narrative of M. Belzoni is plain and intelligible, and sufficiently minute without being tedious; the account of the various antiquities which he describes, and the difficulties he had to encounter in his researches, is agreeably interlarded with an account of the manners and customs of the people, and various anecdotes connected with his discoveries.

M. Belzoni sailed from Malta on the 19th of May, 1815, and arrived at Alexandria on the 9th of June; he was accompanied by Mrs. Belzoni, (equally enterprising as her husband,) and a lad of the name of James Curtain, whom he had brought with him from Ireland. His principal object in going to Egypt, was, as already stated, for the purpose of constructing hydraulic machines, to irrigate the fields. On entering the harbour of Alexandria, they were obliged to perform quarantine, on account of the plague, which he tells us 'is a disease so easily caught, that a piece of thread blown by the wind is quite sufficient to infect the whole country.' We do not know on what data M. Belzoni grounds such an assertion, but it is perfectly at variance with all the evidence adduced before a Committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of the plague. But M. Belzoni is an antiquary, not a physician. At Cairo, our author was much struck with the majestic appearance of Turkish soldiers, in various costumes, Arabs of many tribes, boats, camels, horses, and asses, all in motion. As the convent of Terrasanta could not receive women within their walls, our travellers were accommodated in an old house, in Boolah, belonging to M. Baghos:—

'He was the principal interpreter of Mahomed Ali; and director of all foreign affairs; a man of great acuteness of un-

derstanding, and so well disposed towards strangers, particularly Europeans, that it was soon arranged, that on such a day, I was to be presented to his highness, the bashaw, to make my proposal. The house we inhabited was so old and out of repair, that I expected every moment it would fall on our heads; all the windows were shut up with broken wooden rails; the staircase was in so wretched a condition, that scarcely a step was left entire; the door was fastened simply by a pole placed against it, having neither lock nor any thing else to secure the entrance. There were many rooms in it, but the ceiling in all of them was in a most threatening state. The whole furniture consisted of a single mat in one of the best rooms, which we considered as our drawing-room. We had mattresses and linen with us, otherwise we must have adopted the Arab method of sleeping; as no chairs are to be had in this country, we sat on the ground; a box and a trunk served as a table: fortunately, we had a few plates, as well as knives and forks, which we had provided to use in the boat; and James, our Irish lad, bought us a set of culinary utensils, of pottery. Such were our accommodations.

M. Belzoni lost no time in visiting the large pyramids, as well as the smaller ones, at Sacara and Dajior, and he observed, near Sacara and Betracina, the remains of other pyramids, which, by their dilapidated state, induced him to suppose that they were of earlier date than the rest. While M. Belzoni remained here, and was preparing an hydraulic machine for the bashaw, to whom he had been introduced, an insurrection broke out in Cairo, which, after a few days, was effectually suppressed. Of the bashaw and his amusements, we have the following notice:—

‘The bashaw is in continual motion, being sometimes at his citadel, and sometimes at his seraglio, in the Esbakie; but Soubra is his principal residence. His chief amusement is in the evening, a little before sun-set, when he quits his seraglio, and seats himself on the bank of the Nile, to fire at an earthen pot, with his guards. If any of them hit it, he makes him a present, occasionally of forty or fifty rubies. He is himself an excellent marksman; for I saw him fire at and hit a pot only fifteen inches high, set on the ground on the opposite side of the Nile, though the river, at Soubra, is considerably wider than the Thames at Westminster Bridge. As soon as it is dark, he retires into the garden, and reposes, either in an alcove or by the margin of a fountain, on an European chair, with all his attendants round him. Here his numerous buffoons keep him in continual high spirits and good humour. By moonlight the scene was beautiful. I was admitted into the garden whenever I wished, by which means I had an opportunity of observing the domestic life of a man, who, from nothing, rose to be viceroy of Egypt, and conqueror of the most powerful tribes of Arabia.

‘From the number of lights I frequently saw through the windows of the seraglio, I supposed the ladies were at such times amusing themselves in some way or other. Dancing women are often brought to divert them, and sometimes the famous Catalini of Egypt was introduced. One of the buffoons of the bashaw took it into his head one day, for a frolic, to shave his beard, which is no trifle among the Turks; for some of them, I really believe, would sooner have their head cut off than their beard; he borrowed some Franks’ clothes of the bashaw’s apothecary, who was from Europe, and, after dressing himself in our costume, presented himself to the bashaw, as an European, who could not speak a single word either of Turkish or Arabic, which is often the case. Being in the dark, the bashaw took him for what he represented himself to be, and sent immediately for the interpreter, who put some questions to him in Italian, which he did not answer; he was then questioned in French, but no reply; and next in the German and Spanish languages, and still he was silent; at last, when he saw that they were all deceived, the bashaw not expected, he burst out in plain Turkish, the only language he

was acquainted with, and his well-known voice told them who he was; for such was the change of his person, particularly by the cutting off his beard, that otherwise they could scarcely have recognized him. The bashaw was delighted with the fellow; and, to keep up the frolic, gave him an order on the treasury for an enormous sum of money, and sent him to the kaciabay, to present himself as a Frank, to receive it. The kaciabay started at the immensity of the sum, as it was nearly all that the treasury could furnish; but, upon questioning this new European, it was soon perceived who he was. In this attire he went home to his women, who actually thrust him out of the door; and such was the disgrace of cutting off his beard, that even his fellow buffoons would not eat with him till it was grown again.

‘The bashaw seems to be well aware of the benefits that may be derived from his encouraging the arts of Europe in his country, and had already reaped some of the fruits of it. The fabrication of gunpowder, the refining of sugar, the making of fine indigo, and the silk manufacture, are introduced, much to his advantage; he is constantly inquiring after something new, and is delighted with any thing strange to his imagination. Having heard of electricity, he sent to England for two electric machines, one with a plate, the other with a cylinder. The former was broken by the way; the latter was dismantled. The physician of the bashaw, an Arminian, did not know, though it was so easy a matter, how to set it up. Happening to be at the garden one evening, when they were attempting it, and could not succeed, I was requested to put the several pieces together; and, having done so, I made one of the soldiers mount on the insulating stool, charged the machine, and gave the Turk a good shock; who, expecting no such thing, uttered a loud cry, and jumped off, as much terrified as if he had seen the devil. The bashaw laughed at the man’s jumping off, supposing his fright to be a trick, and not the effect of the machine; and when told, that it was actually occasioned by the machine, he affirmed positively that it could not be, for the soldier was at such a distance, that it was impossible the small chain he held in his hand could have such power. I then desired the interpreter to inform his highness, that if he would mount the stool himself, he would be convinced of the fact. He hesitated for a while whether to believe me or not; however, he mounted the stool. I charged well, put the chain into his hand, and gave him a pretty smart shock. He jumped off, like the soldier, on feeling the effect of the electricity; but immediately threw himself on the sofa in a fit of laughter, not being able to conceive how the machine could have such power on the human body.’

Our author witnessed a marriage ceremony, which, among the Arabs of Soubra, exhibits much festivity:—

‘Early in the morning of the grand holiday, a high pole was planted in the centre of the place, with a banner belonging to the village. A large assembly of people gathered under it, and preparations were made for an illumination with glass lamps, &c. The Arabs from other villages came to the feast in procession, beating their tambourines, and waving their flags. At some distance from the pole they halted, and did not advance till a deputation was sent to invite them to the feast. The elders of the village seated themselves around and under the pole, and the strangers at a little distance. One of those standing near the pole, who had an uncommonly good pipe, began to sing; while the rest divided themselves into two parties, forming two circles, one within the other, round the pole, and facing each other. By each man putting his arms over his neighbour’s shoulders, each circle formed a continuous chain. The outer circle stood still, while the people of the inner circle kept dancing and bowing in an orderly manner, to those in the outer. Thus they continued three hours, and those who were not in the circles made separate rings by themselves. Some of the hadgees, who were desirous of exhibiting their powers in ceremonial devotion, went on positively for two hours, and some minutes, bending their bodies nearly to the ground, and raising them up again with such quick-

ness, that it would be impossible for any one, who was not accustomed to it, to undergo such exertion a quarter of an hour. All the women were at a distance, by themselves, and among them was the bride. When the dancing and singing ended, they all sat down in large circles; and a great quantity of boiled rice was brought to them, in large wooden bowls, besides a number of dishes of melokie and hamies, and three or four large sheep roasted, which were immediately torn to pieces and devoured. For the drinking department, they had a number of boys, who were fully employed in fetching water in large bardacks from the Nile; but some of the party I knew had a sly corner, to which to retire for a drop of horaky; for it is in this private way they drink it. At night, the pole and all the place around it was illuminated. The people seated themselves in an orderly manner, in the form of an amphitheatre, the women forming a part of the circle separate from the men. A band of tambourines and pipes was continually playing; and the entertainment began with dancing, by two well-known and distinguished performers.

'This particular mode of dancing, I believe, has never been described, and all who see it properly must be excused from giving a faithful picture of it. When the dancing was at an end, a sort of play was performed, the intent of which was to exhibit life and manners, as we do in our theatres. The subject represented an hadgee, who wants to go to Mecca, and applies to a camel-driver, to procure a camel for him. The driver imposes on him, by not letting him see the seller of the camel, and putting a higher price on it than is really asked, giving so much less to the seller than he received from the purchaser. A camel is produced at last, made up by two men covered with a cloth, as if ready to depart for Mecca. The hadgee mounts on the camel, but finds it so bad, that he refuses to take it, and demands his money back again. A scuffle takes place, when, by chance, the seller of the camel appears, and finds that the camel in question is not that which he sold to the driver for the hadgee. Thus it turns out, that the driver was not satisfied with imposing both on the buyer and seller in the price, but had also kept the good camel for himself, and produced a bad one to the hadgee. In consequence, he receives a good drubbing, and runs off.—Simple as this story appears, yet it was so interesting to the audience, that it seemed as if nothing could please them better, as it taught them to be on their guard against dealers in camels, &c. This was the play: and the after-piece represented a European traveller, who served as a sort of clown. He is in the dress of a Frank: and, on his travels, comes to the house of an Arab, who, though poor, wishes to have the appearance of being rich. Accordingly he gives orders to his wife, to kill a sheep immediately. She pretends to obey; but returns in a few minutes, saying, that the flock has strayed away, and it would be the loss of too much time to fetch one. The host then orders the fowls to be killed; but these cannot be caught. A third time, he sends his wife for pigeons; but the pigeons are all out of their holes; and at last the traveller is treated only with sour milk and dhourra bread, the only provision in the house. This finishes the play.'

M. Belzoni finished his water machine, and although one horse drew up as much water as five or six by the ordinary method, yet such was the prejudice of the Arabs, that it was not adopted, and he got nothing for his labour. Thus disappointed, our author, though with limited means, turned to investigating the antiquities in this far-famed country. It is not true, as has been stated, that M. Belzoni was regularly employed by Mr. Salt, the British Consul General in Egypt, either for bringing the head of Memnon from Thebes to Alexandria, or for any other purpose whatever. Mr. Burckhardt, whom M. Belzoni met at Cairo, had long wished that the head of Memnon should be sent to England, and Mr. Salt agreeing to pay the expenses of its removal, M. Belzoni undertook to get it conveyed to Alexandria, which he accomplished, and it

is now deposited in the British Museum. The natives have great objections to the removal of antiquities, principally founded on superstitious motives, as will appear from the following incident, which occurred to our traveller at Acmin:—

'Among the rubbish in the town, are found a few trifling antiquities, but nothing of any consequence. The fathers took me to see the casheff, or governor of the place; who, hearing that I was in search of antiquities, said that he well knew there were many in the town, for the fellahs had often told him so. I inquired of him where they were? "Oh! but you cannot have them," he replied, "they are all enchanted by the devil; and no one can take them from where they are!" I told him, if he would but tell me where they were, I would arrange the business in the other quarter. "That is very well," said he; "but no one here dares to tell you, for fear the devil should do him a mischief." He then informed me, that in the mountains, about six miles distant, there was a large gold ring stuck into the rock, which no one could take out: that some of his soldiers went with a cannon, and, after firing several balls at it, were returning without success, when, by chance, a man who was eating a cucumber, threw a part of it at the ring, which immediately fell to the ground; so that it must have been fixed by enchantment there, and nothing but the rind of a cucumber would make it fall. This I received from the governor of a province! What sort of a country must that be, which allows itself to be ruled by a man of so elevated a mind!

M. Belzoni visited the noted temple of Tentyra, of which he gives the following interesting account:—

'Little could be seen of the temple, till we came near to it, as it is surrounded by high mounds of rubbish of the old Tentyra. On our arriving before it, I was for some time at a loss to know where I should begin my examination. The numerous objects before me, all equally attractive, left me for a while, in a state of suspense and astonishment. The enormous masses of stone employed in the edifice, are so well disposed, that the eye discovers the most just proportion every where. The majestic appearance of its construction, the variety of its ornaments, and, above all, the singularity of its preservation, had such an effect on me, that I seated myself on the ground, and, for a considerable time, was lost in admiration. It is the first Egyptian temple the traveller sees on ascending the Nile, and it is certainly the most magnificent. It has an advantage over most others, from the good state of preservation it is in; and I should have no scruple in saying, that is of a much later date than any other. The superiority of the workmanship gives us sufficient reason to suppose it to be of the time of the first Ptolemy; and it is not improbable, that he, who laid the foundation of the Alexandrian library, instituted the philosophical society of the museum, and studied to render himself beloved by his people, might erect such an edifice to convince the Egyptians of his superiority of mind over the ancient kings of Egypt, even in religious devotion.

'This is the cabinet of the Egyptian arts, the product of study for many centuries, and it was here that Denon thought himself in the sanctuary of the arts and sciences. The front is adorned with a beautiful cornice, and a frieze covered with figures and hieroglyphics, over the centre of which the winged globe is predominant, and the two sides are embellished with compartments of sacrifices and offerings. The columns that form the portico are twenty-four in number, divided into four rows, including those in the front. On entering the gate the scene changes, and requires more minute observation. The quadrangular form of the capitals first strikes the eye. At each side of the square there is a colossal head of the goddess Isis with cows' ears. There is not one of these heads but is much mutilated, particularly those on the columns in the front of the temple facing the outside: but, notwithstanding this disadvantage, and the flatness of their form, there is a

simplicity in their countenance that approaches to a smile. The shafts of the columns are covered with hieroglyphics and figures, which are in basso relievo, as are all the figures in the front and lateral walls. The front of the door-way, which is in a straight line with the entrance, and the sanctuary is richly adorned with figures of smaller size than the rest of the portico. The ceiling contains the zodiac, inclosed by two long female figures which extend from one side to the other of it. The walls are divided into several square compartments, each containing figures representing deities, and priests in the act of offering or immolating victims. On all the walls, columns, ceiling, or architraves, there is nowhere a space of two feet, that is not covered with some figures of human beings, animals, plants, emblems of agriculture or of religious ceremony. Wherever the eyes turn, wherever the attention is fixed, every thing inspires respect and veneration, heightened by the solitary situation of this temple, which adds to the attraction of these splendid recesses. The inner apartments are much the same as the portico, all covered with figures in basso relievo. On the top of the temple the Arabs had built a village, I suppose to be the more elevated, and exposed to the air; but it is all in ruins, as no one, now, lives there. From the top I descended into some apartments on the east side of the temple; there I saw the famous zodiac on the ceiling. The circular form of this zodiac led me to suppose, in some measure, that this temple was built at a later period than the rest, as nothing like it is seen any where else. In the front of the edifice there is a propylæon, not inferior to the works in the temple; and, though partly fallen, it still shews its ancient grandeur. On the left, going from the portico, there is a small temple, surrounded by columns. In the inside is a figure of Isis sitting with Orus in her lap; and other female figures, each with a child in her arms, are observable. The capitals of the columns are adorned with the figure of Typhon. The gallery, or portico, that surrounds the temple, is filled up with rubbish, to a great height, and walls of unburnt bricks have been raised from one column to another. Farther on, in a right line with the propylæon, are the remains of an hypæthral temple, which form a square of twelve columns, connected with each other by a wall, except at the door-way, which fronts the propylæon. The eastern wall of the great temple is richly adorned with figures in intaglio relevato: they are perfectly finished: the female figures are about four feet high, disposed in different compartments. Behind the temple is a small Egyptian building, quite detached from the large edifice; and, from its construction, I would venture to say, that it was the habitation of the priests. At some distance from the great temple are the foundations of another, not so large as the first. The propylæon is still standing in good preservation. My principal object did not permit me to stay here any longer; but I do not know that I ever quitted a place with so much regret and wish to remain.

There is much simplicity in our author's account of the bust of Memnon, which appeared smiling on him at the thought of being taken to England. M. Belzoni had the utmost difficulty in procuring leave of the cacheff for men to assist him in removing the head, as they thought it quite impossible: having mounted it on a car, they moved it, the first day, out of the Memnonium; on the second day, it advanced fifty yards; on a third, one hundred and fifty; and on a fourth, three hundred. After getting Memnon to the banks of the Nile, our author wished to procure a Sarcophagus, which was in a cave, and had been given to him by M. Drouetti, if he could get it. The attempt was one of more than ordinary difficulty and daring. He says—

‘Previous to our entering the cave, we took off the greater part of our clothes, and, each having a candle, advanced through a cavity in the rock, which extended a considerable

length in the mountain, sometimes pretty high, sometimes very narrow, and without any regularity. In some passages we were obliged to creep on the ground, like crocodiles. I perceived that we were at a great distance from the entrance, and the way was so intricate, that I depended entirely on the two Arabs to conduct us out again. At length we arrived at a large space, into which many other holes or cavities opened; and, after some consideration and examination by the two Arabs, we entered one of these, which was very narrow, and continued downward, for a long way, through a craggy passage, till we came where two other apertures led to the interior, in a horizontal direction. One of the Arabs then said, “This is the place.” I could not conceive how so large a sarcophagus, as it had been described to me, could have been taken through the aperture which the Arab now pointed out. I had no doubt but these recesses were burial-places, as we continually walked over skulls and other bones: but the sarcophagus could never have entered this recess; for it was so narrow, that, on my attempt to penetrate it, I could not pass. One of the Arabs, however, succeeded, as did my interpreter, and it was agreed that I and the other Arab should wait till they returned. They proceeded, evidently, to a great distance, for the light disappeared, and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished as they went on. After a few moments I heard a loud noise, and the interpreter distinctly crying, “O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! je suis perdu!” After which, a profound silence ensued. I asked my Arab whether he had ever been in that place? He replied, “Never.” I could not conceive what could have happened, and thought the best plan was to return, to procure help from the other Arabs. Accordingly, I told my man to shew me the way out again; but, staring at me like an idiot, he said he did not know the road. I called repeatedly to the interpreter, but received no answer; I watched a long time, but no one returned; and my situation was no very pleasant one. I naturally returned through the passages, by which we had come; and, after some time, I succeeded in reaching the place, where as I mentioned, were many other cavities. It was a complete labyrinth, as all these places bore a great resemblance to the one which we first entered. At last seeing one, which appeared to be the right, we proceeded through it a long way; but, by this time, our candles had diminished considerably; and I feared, that, if we did not get out soon, we should have to remain in the dark: meantime, it would have been dangerous to put one out to save the other, lest that which was left should, by some accident, be extinguished. At this time we were considerably advanced towards the outside, as we thought, but to our sorrow we found the end of that cavity, without any outlet. Convinced that we were mistaken in our conjecture, we quickly returned towards the place of the various entries, which we strove to regain. But we were then as perplexed as ever, and were both exhausted from the ascents and descents, which we had been obliged to go over. The Arab seated himself, but every moment of delay was dangerous. The only expedient was, to put a mark at the place out of which we had just come, and then examine the cavities in succession, by putting also a mark at their entrance, so as to know where we had been. Unfortunately, our candles would not last through the whole: however, we began our operations.

‘On the second attempt, when passing before a small aperture, I thought I heard the sound of something like the roaring of the sea at a distance. In consequence I entered this cavity; and, as we advanced the noise increased, till I could distinctly hear a number of voices all at one time. At last, thank God, we walked out; and, to my no small surprise, the first person I saw was my interpreter; how he came to be there I could not conjecture. He told me, that, in proceeding with the Arab along the passage below, they came to a pit, which they did not see; that the Arab fell into it, and, in falling, put out both candles. It was then that he cried out, “Mon Dieu! je suis perdu!” as he thought he also should have fallen into the pit; but, on raising his head, he saw, at a great distance, a glimpse of day-light, towards which he ad-

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vanced, and thus arrived at a small aperture. He then scraped away some loose sand and stones to widen the place where he came out, and went to give the alarm to the Arabs, who were at the other entrance. Being all concerned for the man who fell to the bottom of the pit, it was their noise that I heard in the cave. The place by which my interpreter got out was instantly widened; and, in the confusion, the Arabs did not regard letting me see that they were acquainted with that entrance, and that it had lately been shut up. I was not long in detecting their scheme. The Arabs had intended to shew me the sarcophagus, without letting me see the way by which it might be taken out, and then to stipulate a price for the secret. It was with this view they took me such a way round about.

'I found that the sarcophagus was not, in reality, a hundred yards from the large entrance. The man was soon taken out of the well, but so much hurt in one of his hips, that he went lame ever after. Finding that the cover of the sarcophagus could be taken out, I set several men at work to clear the passage; but, on the third day, on my return from the king's tombs, I found that the cacheff had re-commenced his old tricks. He came to Gournou from Erments, and seeing the Arabs at work, he took them all to the latter place, bound like thieves, and put them into prison. I could not imagine the reason of all this, after the promises I had made him, and the protestations on his part which he had made to me; but, on inquiry, I found that some agents of Mr. D.— had just arrived from Alexandria and brought him presents. I do not know what passed between them; I only state the case as it appeared. On my applying to him again, he said that the sarcophagus was sold to the French consul, and no one else should have it.'

(To be continued.)

An Account of Timbuctoo and Housa, &c. By El Hage Abd Shabeeny. *With Notes Critical and Explanatory; to which are added, Letters descriptive of Travels through West and South Barbary, and across the Mountains of Atlas, &c.* By James Grey Jackson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 547. London, 1820.

THE account of Shabeeny, which is particularly interesting from his long residence in the countries which he describes, is rendered still more valuable by the notes and additions of Mr. Jackson, who is, perhaps, more intimately acquainted with the subject than any other European of the present day.

Shabeeny is a Musselman and a native of Tetuan; his family is well known to Mr. Lucas, the British consul. At the age of fourteen he accompanied his father to Timbuctoo, where he resided ten years, and two years at Housa. In the twenty-seventh year of his age, he returned to Tetuan; and, after remaining there a short period, he embarked for Hamburgh in an English vessel, but was captured by a Russian ship and carried prisoner to Ostend, where he was released through the interposition of the British consul at that port, and provided with a passage to Gibraltar by the British government. He is now settled in his native place Tetuan, where he has a wife and a large family. The questions in this curious and interesting narrative were proposed by Mr. Beaufoy, of African celebrity; Mr. Lucas, the consul, acting as interpreter.

Timbuctoo, the great emporium for all the country of the blacks, and even for Morocco and Alexandria, is about four miles in circumference. The native inhabitants are computed at 40,000, exclusive of slaves, and of about 10,000 of the people of Fas and Morocco. The

natives are all blacks; almost every stranger marries a female of the town, who are so beautiful that travellers often fall in love with them at first sight, and 'many of the merchants who visit Timbuctoo are so much attached to it, that they cannot leave it, but continue there for life.' The houses in Timbuctoo are larger than those in Tetuan, but there is little furniture in them but beds and carpets, which cover the whole room.

'On the east side of the city of Timbuctoo, there is a large forest, in which there are a great many elephants. The timber here is very large: the trees on the outside of the forest are remarkable for having two different colours; that side which is exposed to the morning sun is black, and the opposite side is yellow. The body of the tree has neither branches nor leaves, but the leaves, which are remarkably large, grow upon the top only: so that one of these trees appears, at a distance, like the mast and round top of a ship. Shabeeny has seen trees in England much taller than these: within the forest, the trees are smaller than on its skirts. There are no trees resembling these in the Emperor of Morocco's dominions. They are of such a size that the largest cannot be girded by two men. They bear a kind of berry, about the size of a walnut, in clusters consisting of from ten to twenty berries. Shabeeny cannot say what is the extent of this forest, but it is very large. Close to the town of Timbuctoo, on the south, is a small rivulet, in which the inhabitants wash their clothes, and which is about two feet deep. It runs in the great forest on the east, and does not communicate with the Nile, but is lost in the sands west of the town. Its water is brackish; that of the Nile is good and pleasant. The town of Timbuctoo is surrounded by a mud wall: the walls are built tabia-wise* as in Barbary, viz. they make large wooden cases, which they fill with mud, and when that dries they remove the cases higher up till they have finished the wall. They never use stone or brick; they do not know how to make bricks. The wall is about twelve feet high, and sufficiently strong to defend the town against the wild Arabs, who come frequently to demand money from them. It has three gates; one called Bab Sahara, or the gate of the desert, on the north: opposite to this, on the other side of the town, a second, called Bab Neel, or the gate of the Nile: the third gate leads to the forest on the east, and is called Beb El Kibla.† The gates are hung on very large hinges, and when shut at night, are locked, as in Barbary; and are farther secured by a large prop of wood placed in the inside slopingly against them. There is a dry ditch, or excavation, which circumscribes the town, (except at those places which are opposite the gates,) about twelve feet deep, and too wide for any man to leap it. The three gates of the town are shut every evening soon after sun-set: they are made of folding doors, of which there is only one pair. The doors are lined on the outside with untanned hides of camels, and are so full of nails that no hatchet can penetrate them; the front appears like one piece of iron.

'Timbuctoo is governed by a native black, who has the title of sultan. He is tributary to the sultan of Housa, and is chosen by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo, who write to the king of Housa for his approbation. Upon the death of a sultan, his eldest son is most commonly chosen. The son of a concubine cannot inherit the throne: if the king has no lawful son (son of his wife) at his decease, the people choose his

* 'The tabia walls are thus built: they put boards on each side of the wall supported by stakes driven in the ground, or attached to other stakes laid transversely across the wall; the intermediate space is then filled with sand and mud, and beat down with large wooden mallets, (as they beat the terraces) till it becomes hard and compact; the cases are left on for a day or two; they then take them off, and move them higher up, repeating this operation till the wall be finished.'

† 'El Kibla signifies the tomb of Muhamed: in most African towns there is a Kibla-gate, which faces Medina in Arabia.'

successor from among his relations. The sultan has only one lawful wife, but keeps many concubines: the wife has a separate house for herself, children, and slaves. He has no particular establishment for his concubines, but takes any girl he likes from among his slaves. His wife has the principal management of his house. The sultan's palace is built in a corner of the city on the east; it occupies a large extent of ground within an inclosure, which has a gate. Within this square are many buildings; some for the officers of state. The king often sits in the gate to administer justice, and to converse with his friends. There is a small garden within it, furnishing a few flowers and vegetables for his table; there is also a well, from which the water is drawn by a wheel.* Many female slaves are musicians. The king has several sons, who are appointed to administer justice to the natives. Except the king's relations, there are no nobles nor any privileged class of men as in Barbary: those of the blood-royal are much respected. The officers of state are distinguished by titles like those of Morocco; one that answers to an Alkaid, *i. e.* a captain of 700, of 500, or of 100 men; another like that of bashaw. The king, if he does not choose to marry one of his own relations, takes a wife from the family of the chiefs of his council; his daughters marry among the great men. The queen-dowager has generally an independent provision, but cannot marry. The concubines of a deceased king cannot marry, but are handsomely provided for by his successor.

The troops, in time of war, amount to twelve or fifteen thousand, who are paid by the king of Housa; in time of peace, they amount to five thousand. The crimes which are made capital by the laws of Timbuctoo, are murder, robbery with violence, and stealing cattle: these are punished by hanging, strangling, or beheading. The last is preferred and is thus performed: 'the criminal sits down, and a person behind gives him a push or blow on the back or shoulder which makes him turn his head, and while his attention is thus employed, the executioner strikes it off.' Of the commerce of Timbuctoo, Shabeeny gives the following account:—

'The principal articles of merchandize are tobacco, kameemas†, beads of all colours for necklaces, and cowries, which are bought at Fas by the pound. Small Dutch looking-glasses, some of which are convex, set in gilt paper frames. They carry neither swords, muskets, nor knives, except such as are wanted in the caravan. At the entrance of the desert they buy rock-salt of the Arabs, who bring it to them in loads ready packed, which they carry as an article of trade. In their caravan there were about 500 camels, of which about 150 or 200 were laden with salt.

'The returns are made in gold-dust, slaves, ivory, and pepper; gold dust is preferred and is brought to Timbuctoo from Housa in small leather bags. Cowries and gold-dust are the medium of traffic. The shereefs and other merchants generally sell their goods to some of the principal native merchants, and immediately send off the slaves, taking their gold-dust with them into other countries. The merchants residing at Timbuctoo have agents or correspondents in other countries; and are themselves agents in return. Timbuctoo is visited by merchants from all the neighbouring black countries. Some of its inhabitants are amazingly rich. The dress of common women has been often worth 1000 dollars. A principal source of their wealth is lending gold-dust and slaves, at high interest, to foreign merchants, which is repaid by goods from Morocco and other countries, to which the gold-dust and slaves are carried. They commonly trade in

* A wheel similar to the Persian wheel, worked by a mule or an ass, having pots, which throw the water into a trough as they pass round, which trough discharges the water into the garden, and irrigates the plants.

† Kameema is the Arabic word for the linen called *platikas*. They are worth fifty Mexico dollars each, at Timbuctoo.

the public market, but often send to the merchant or go to his house. Cowries in the least damaged are bad coin, and go for less than those that are perfect. There are no particular market days; the public market for provisions is an open place fifty feet square, and is surrounded by shops. The Arabs sit down on their goods in the middle, till they have sold them.

'The black natives are smiths, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, and masons, but not weavers. The Arabs in the neighbourhood are weavers, and make carpets resembling those of Fas and of Mesurata, where they are called telisse; they are of wool, from their own sheep, and camels' hair. The bags for goods, and the tents, are of goats' and camels' hair; there are no palmetto trees in that country.'

This would be a fine opening for British manufactures, and at a time when our export trade has been so much narrowed by the selfish and mistaken policy of our continental neighbours, we would recommend an attempt to open an extensive trade with Africa. The natives of Timbuctoo take their meals three times a-day, and nearly at European hours: rice is the principal food. The country is well cultivated; they have goats as large as calves, and sheep in abundance; they have also common fowls and ostriches; fish is also very fine and in great plenty. Their sports consist of hunting the antelope, wild ass, and the ostrich. Their greyhounds, with which they hunt the antelope, are said to be the finest in the world. Their principal games are chess and draughts. The dress of the sultan and of his subjects, is thus described by Shabeeny:—

'The Sultan wears a white turban of very fine muslin, the ends of which are embroidered with gold and brought to the front; this turban comes from Bengal. He wears a loose white cotton shirt, with sleeves long and wide, open at the breast; unlike that of the Arabs, it reaches to the small of the leg; over this a *caftan* of red woollen cloth, of the same length; red is generally esteemed. The shirt (*kumja*) is made at Timbuctoo, but the caftan comes from Fas, ready made; over the caftan, is worn a short cotton waistcoat, striped white, red, and blue; this comes from Bengal, and is called *juliba*. When he is seated, all the sleeves are turned up over the shoulder, so that his arms are bare, and the air is admitted to his body.

'Upon his turban, on the forehead, is a ball of silk, like a pear; one of the distinctions of royalty. He wears also a close red skull-cap, like the Moors of Tetuan, and two sashes, one over each shoulder, such as the Moors wear round the waist; they are rather cords than sashes, and are very large; half a pound of silk is used in one of them. The subjects wear but one; they are either red, yellow, or blue, made at Fas. He wears, like his subjects, his sash round the waist, also made at Fas; of these there are two kinds,—one of leather, with a gold buckle in front, like those of the soldiers in Barbary; the other of silk, like those of the Moorish merchants. He wears, (as do the subjects,) breeches made in the Moorish fashion, of cotton in summer, made at Timbuctoo, and of woollen in winter, brought ready made from Fas. His shoes are distinguished by a piece of red leather, in front of the leg, about three inches wide, and eight long, embroidered with silk and gold. When he sits in his apartment, he wears a dagger, with a gold hilt, which hangs on his right side; when he goes out, his attendants carry his musket, bow, arrows, and lance.

'His subjects dress in the same manner, excepting the distinctions of royalty; viz. the pear, the sashes on the shoulders, and the embroidered leather on the shoes. The sultana wears a caftan, open in front from top to bottom, under this a slip of cotton, like the King's, an Indian shawl over the shoulders, which ties behind, and a silk handkerchief about her head. Other women dress in the same manner. They wear no

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drawers. The poorest women are always clothed. They never show their bosom. The men and women wear ear-rings. The general expense of a woman's dress is from two ducats to thirty. Their shoes are red, and are brought from Marocco. Their arms and ancles are adorned with bracelets. The poor have them of brass; the rich, of gold. The rich ornament their heads with cowries. The poor have but one bracelet on the leg, and one on the arm; the rich, two. They also wear gold rings upon their fingers. They have no pearls or precious stones. The women do not wear veils.

The natives of Timbuctoo measure time by days, weeks, lunar months, and lunar years. They have no temples, churches, or mosques; no regular worship or sabbath; but once in three months they have a great festival, which lasts three days, sometimes a week, and is spent in eating and drinking: Shabeeny was not able to learn the origin of this custom. He gives the following brief, but comprehensive, summary of the manners of the people:—

‘They believe in a Supreme Being and another state of existence, and have saints and men whom they revere as holy. Some of them are sorcerers, and some ideots, as in Barbary and Turkey; and though physicians are numerous, they expect more effectual aid in sickness from the prayers of the saints, especially in the rheumatism. Music is employed to excite ecstasy in the saint, who, when in a state of inspiration, tells (on the authority of some departed saint, generally of Seedy Muhamud Seef,) what animal must be sacrificed for the recovery of the patient: a white cock, a red cock, a hen, an ostrich, an antelope, or a goat. The animal is then killed in the presence of the sick, and dressed; the blood, feathers, and bones, are preserved in a shell, and carried to some retired spot, where they are covered and marked as a sacrifice. No salt or seasoning is used in the meat, but incense is used previous to its preparation. The sick man eats as much as he can of the meat, and all present partake; the rice, or what else is dressed with it, must be the produce of charitable contributions from others, not of the house or family; and every contributor prays for the patient.

‘The nails and palms of the hands are stained red with henna, cultivated there; the Arabs tattoo their hands and arms, but not the people of Timbuctoo. These people are real negroes; they have a slight mark on the face, sloping from the eye; the Foulans have a horizontal mark; the Bambarahes a wide gash from the forehead to the chin. Tombs are raised over the dead; they are buried in a winding-sheet and a coffin; the relations mourn over their graves, and pronounce a panegyric on the dead. The men and women mix in society, and visit together with the same freedom as in Europe. They sleep on mattresses, with cotton sheets, and a counterpane; the married, in separate beds in the same room. They frequently bathe the whole body, their smell would otherwise be offensive; they use towels brought from India. At dinner they spread their mats and sit as in Barbary. They smoke a great deal, but tobacco is dear; it is the best article of trade. Poisoning is common; they get the poison from the fangs of snakes; but, he says, most commonly from a part of the body, near the tail, by a kind of distillation.

‘There are no Arabs between Timbuctoo and the Nile; they live on the other side, and would not with impunity invade the lands of these people, who are very populous, and would easily destroy any army that should attempt to molest them. The lands are chiefly private property. The Foulans are very beautiful. The Bambarahs have thick lips and wide nostrils. The King of Foulan is much respected at Timbuctoo; his subjects are Muhamedans, but not circumcised. They cannot be made slaves at Timbuctoo; but the Arabs steal their girls and sell them; not for slavery, but for marriage.’

(To be concluded in our next.)

A View of the History, Literature, &c. of the Hindoos, &c.

(Continued from p. 761.)

HAVING, in our preceding numbers, dwelt at some length on the Hindoo mythology, we shall dismiss that part of the subject, and proceed to the third volume of this work, which treats of the manners and customs of the Hindoos. In a preface and an introduction of some length, Mr. Ward takes a general view of the Hindoo character, and of the great and beneficial influence that education and a diffusion of Christianity has upon it. He says,—

‘The Hindoo is unquestionably as susceptible of that improvement which is purely intellectual, as the inhabitant of Europe. He may not be capable of forming plans which require great and original powers, nor fitted for bold and daring enterprises; and yet who shall estimate the capacity of minds which have exhibited great powers so far as they have been called forth, but which have never been placed in circumstances of tremendous trial, which have never been kindled by the collisions of genius, the struggles of parties, which have never been called into action by the voice of their country, by the plaudits of senates, by the thunders of eloquence, and which have never been enlarged by the society of foreigners, and by voyages and travels into distant realms. The European mind, it must be recollected, has attained its present vigour and expansion by the operation of all these causes, and after the illumination of centuries; while we find the Hindoo still walking amidst the thick darkness of a long long night, uncheered by the twinkling of a single star, a single Bacon.’ [qu. beacon?]

Mr. Ward speaks highly of the College of Fort William, which has had a great and salutary influence on the civil servants of the presidency. He recommends that the whole body of the Hindoo and Mussulman law, now in use, and the regulations of government, should be laid before a select body of law officers, who should form a code of civil and criminal law, adapted to the present circumstances of our Indian empire,—that the proceedings of every court of law be conducted in the language of the district in which the court-house is situated; and that every judge understand, and every attorney plead in this language. The general establishment of schools is also strongly urged.

The ancient history of the Hindoos is curious, particularly so far as relates to the creation,—the general deluge,—and the figure of the earth; the latter is described as ‘circular and flat, like the flower of the water lily, in which the petals project beyond each other; its circumference is 4,000,000,000 of miles. In the centre is mount Sooméroo, ascending 600,000 miles from the surface of the earth, and descending 128,000 below it. It is 128,000 miles in circumference at its base, and 256,000 wide at the top.’

The Hindoo chronology is inexplicable; it does not admit of being traced so as to accompany a course of historical facts, even for a single century; a real and accurate history of the country, with the dates of the events attached to them, is, therefore, out of the question. Sir William Jones says, ‘The dawn of true Indian history appears only three or four centuries before the Christian era, the preceding ages being clouded by allegory or fable!’ and Major Wilford says, ‘the Hindoos have really nothing but romances, from which some truths occasionally may be extracted.’

The Hindoo code of laws was very voluminous, and extended to offences of omission as well as of commission, and many of their punishments were excessively severe. Nine kinds of ordeal were formerly practised by the Hindoos. Ordeal has been abolished by the East India Com-

pany, but there are still instances of persons voluntarily choosing this mode of trial:—

'The ninth mode of ordeal is frequently chosen about trifling affairs, but, in other cases, the most common is the trial by hot clarified butter (ghee). On the 18th November, 1807, a trial by this mode of ordeal took place at a village near Nuddeya. A young married woman was charged with a criminal intrigue in the absence of her husband, but denied the charge, and offered to undergo the tuptu-mashuku ordeal. The husband prepared the requisite articles, and invited the bramhuns; when, in the presence of 7000 spectators, she underwent this trial, by putting her hand into the boiling ghee, without receiving, as is said, the least injury, though a drop of the hot liquid, falling on the hand of a Bramhun, to whom she was to give the golden ball which she had raised from the pan, raised a blister on his hand. The spectators, on beholding this proof of her innocence, burst forth into applauses of dhunya, dhunya, i. e. happy! happy! The whole concluded with a feast to the bramhuns, and the virtues of this woman spread through all the neighbouring villages. My only authority for this, is that of a respectable native; but a circumstance of the same nature is related in the 395th page of the 1st vol. of the Asiatic Researches.—A gentleman of the author's acquaintance, in the year 1814, saw, at Sirdhana, a man who had been charged with embezzling the property of the Begum, go safely through the trial by fire; but this man did not retain the ball in his hand a second of time.'

The institution of the various casts into which the Hindoos are divided, has been one of their greatest scourges:—

'The distinctions of rank in Europe are founded upon civic merit or learning, and answer very important ends in the social union; but this system commences with an act of the most consummate injustice that was ever perpetrated; binds in chains of adamant nine-tenths of the people; debars them for ever from all access to a higher state, whatever their merits may be: puts a lock upon the whole intellect of three of the four orders, and branding their very birth with infamy, and rivetting their chains for ever, says to millions and millions of mankind, "you proceeded from the feet of Brumha; you were created for servitude."'

'But not only is the cast contrary to every principle of justice and policy; it is repugnant to every feeling of benevolence. The social circle is almost invariably composed of persons of the same cast, to the careful exclusion of others. It arms one class of men against another; it gives rise to the greatest degree of pride and apathy. It forms a sufficient excuse for not doing an act of benevolence towards another, that he is not of the same cast; nay, a man dying with thirst will not accept of a cooling draught of water from the hands, or the cup of a person of a lower cast. I knew a kayust'hu, whose son had rejected the cast, seek an asylum at his son's house just before death; yet so strong were the prejudices of cast, that the old man would not eat from the hands of his own son, but crawled on his hands and knees to the house of a neighbour, and received food from entire strangers rather than from his own child, though he was then on the brink of that world, where all casts are resolved into those of the righteous and the wicked. If a shoodru enter the cook-room of a bramhun, the latter throws away all his earthen vessels as defiled; nay, the very touch of a shoodru makes a bramhun unclean, and compels him to bathe, in order to wash away the stain. On the other hand, in the spirit of revenge, the toorus, a class of shoodrus, consider their houses defiled, and throw away their cooking utensils, if a bramhun visit them, but they do not thus treat even a Mussulman. The keyés, another cast of shoodrus, also throw away their cooking vessels if a bramhun come upon their boat. In short, the cast murders all the social and benevolent feelings; and shuts up the heart of man against man in a manner unknown even amongst the most savage tribes. The apathy of the Hindoos has been noticed by

all who are acquainted with their character; when a boat sinks in a storm on the Ganges, and persons are seen floating or sinking all around, the Hindoos in those boats which may remain by the side of the river, or in those passing by at the time, look on with perfect indifference, perhaps, without moving an oar for the rescue of those who are actually perishing.'

The Hindoos believe in astrology:—

'The respectable Hindoos, at the birth of a child, keep a record, drawn up by a gunuku, or astrologer, who is informed by the father or some relative of the exact time of the birth, and is requested to cast the nativity of the child, and open the roll of its fate. The gunuku goes home, and draws up a paper, describing what will happen to the child annually, or during as many astronomical periods as he supposes he shall be paid for: indeed, some of these rolls describe what will happen to the person during every period of his existence. This astrologer is paid according to the good fortune of the infant, from one roopee to one and two hundred. The parent carefully deposits this paper in his house, and looks at it occasionally, when any thing good or evil happens to his child. The nativity of sons is more frequently cast than that of daughters. Some persons merely keep the date of the birth; or they add the signs under which the child was born, without having its fate recorded. The poor keep no record whatever.'

The Hindoo women never learn to read; the shastrus declare that a woman has nothing to do with the text of the védú; all her duties are comprised in pleasing her husband and cherishing her children. At five years of age the male children are generally sent to the village school:—

'Almost all the larger villages in Bengal contain common schools, where a boy learns his letters by writing them, never by pronouncing the alphabet, as in Europe; he first writes them on the ground; next with an iron style, or a reed, on a palm leaf; and next on a green plantain leaf. After the simple letters, he writes the compounds; then the names of men, villages, animals, &c. and then the figures. While employed in writing on leaves, all the scholars stand up twice a-day, with a monitor at their head, and repeat the numerical tables, ascending from a unit to gundas*, from gundas to voorees†, from voorees to punus‡, and from punus to kahunnus§; and, during school hours, they write on the palm leaf the strokes by which these numbers are defined. They next commit to memory an addition table, and count from one to a hundred; and after this, on green plantain leaves, they write easy sums in addition and subtraction of money; multiplication, and then reduction of money, measures, &c. The Hindoo measures are all reducible to the weights, beginning with ruttees||, and ending with munus¶. The elder boys, as the last course at these schools, learn to write common letters, agreements, &c.—The Hindoo schools begin early in the morning, and continue till nine or ten; after taking some refreshment at home, the scholars return about three, and continue till dark. The Bengalee school-masters punish with a cane, or a rod made of the branch of a tree; sometimes the truant is compelled to stand on one leg, holding up a brick in each hand, or to have his arms stretched out, till he is completely tired. These school-masters are generally respectable shoodrus, though in some instances bramhuns follow this employment. Their allowance is very small; for the first year's education, about a penny a month, and a day's provisions. When a boy writes on the palm leaf, two-pence a-month; after this, as the boy advances in learning, as much as four-pence or eight-pence a-month is given.'

A Hindoo, except he be grown up, as in second marriages, never chooses his own wife. Two parents fre-

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quently agree, while the children are infants, to give them in marriage. Some are married as early as their fifth year, others at ten or eleven. One of the Hindoo shastrus gives the following directions for the choice of a wife :—

‘She who is not descended from his paternal or maternal ancestors, within the sixth degree, is eligible by a twice-born man for nuptials. In connecting himself with a wife, let him studiously avoid the following families, be they ever so great, or ever so rich in kine, goats, sheep, gold, and grain; the family which has omitted prescribed acts of religion; that which has produced no male children; that, in which the vedu has not been read; that, which has thick hair on the body; and those, which have been subject to — [here a number of diseases are mentioned.] Let a person choose for his wife a girl, whose form has no defect; who has an agreeable name; who walks gracefully, like a young elephant; whose hair and teeth are moderate respectively in quantity and in size; whose body has exquisite softness.’

The following account of the person of Sharuda, the daughter of Brumha, may serve as a just description of a perfect Hindoo beauty :—

‘This girl was of a yellow colour; had a nose like the flower of the sesamum; her legs were taper, like the plantain-tree; her eyes large, like the principal leaf of the lotus; her eyebrows extended to her ears; her lips were red, like the young leaves of the mango-tree; her face was like the full moon; her voice like the sound of the cuckow; her arms reached to her knees; her throat was like that of a pigeon; her loins narrow, like those of a lion; her hair hung in curls down to her feet; her teeth were like the seeds of the pomegranate; and her gait like that of a drunken elephant or a goose.’

Matrimony is a mere matter of traffic, and children are disposed of according to the pride of the parents, without their inclinations being at all consulted; but even this, at the early age at which Hindoo marriages take place, would be of no consequence. On this subject, Mr. Ward says,—

‘These very early marriages are the sources of the most enormous evils; these pairs, brought together without previous attachment, or even their own consent, are seldom happy. This leads men into unlawful connexions, so common in Bengal, that three parts of the married population, I am informed, keep concubines. Many never visit, nor take their wives from the house of the father-in-law, but they remain there a burthen and a disgrace to their parents; or, they abandon the paternal roof at the call of some paramour. Early marriages also give rise to another dreadful evil; almost all these girls, after marriage, remain at home, one, two, or three years; and during this time numbers are left widows, without having enjoyed the company of their husbands a single day; these young widows, being forbidden to marry, almost without exception, become prostitutes. To these miserable victims of a barbarous custom are to be added, all the daughters of the kooleenus, who never leave the house of the father, either during the life, or after the death of their husbands, and who invariably live an abandoned life. The consequences resulting from this state of things are, universal whoredom, and the perpetration of unnatural crimes to a most shocking extent.

‘Some days or weeks before a wedding takes place, a second written agreement is made between the two fathers, engaging that the marriage shall take place on such a day. This is accompanied sometimes with the promise of a present for the daughter, which may amount to ten, fifty, or more roopees. On signing this agreement, a dinner is given, in general by the girl’s father; and gifts are presented to the bramhuns present, as well as to the ghutuku, according to the previous agreement, perhaps five, six, eight, or ten roopees.

Where a present is made to the father of the girl, which is very common at present, the cast of the boy is not very respectable; in the most reputable marriages, the father not only gives his daughter without reward, but bears the expenses of the wedding, and presents ornaments, goods, cattle, and money to the bridegroom.

‘Three or four days before the marriage, the bodies of the young couple are anointed with turmeric, and the boy, day and night, till the wedding, holds in his hand the scissors with which the natives cut the beetle-nut, and the girl holds in her hand the iron box which contains the black colour with which they daub their eyelids. The father of the boy entertains all his relations, and others; to relations giving a cooked dinner, to others sweetmeats, &c. and the father of the girl gives a similar entertainment to all his relations. After this, the rich relations feast the bridegroom and family, and add presents of cloth, &c. On the day before the marriage, the parents on each side send presents of sweetmeats amongst their friends.

‘During the night preceding the wedding, the most hideous noises are made at the houses of the two parents, with instruments whose noise resemble that of a kettle-drum. In the beginning of the night, the women leave four pots, containing lamps, at each of the two houses, expressing their wishes for the long life of the bride and bridegroom. They also place at each house, two balls of rice flour, in the form of sugar-loaves, which they call shree; and towards the close of the night, they eat rice with the girl and boy. These customs are accompanied with much hilarity.

‘Early in the morning, the women and female neighbours again assemble, and taking with them a pan of water, the pots which contain the oil-lights, the balls of rice flour, and some beetle-nut, go round to their neighbours, and give to each a morsel of the beetle-nut. On returning home, in some towns, they place the boy and girl, at different houses, on a bamboo door, when the mother, as an expression of her joy and good-will, lights some straw from the thatch, and turns it round the right foot of the boy or girl, three several times, after which the persons present lift up the door, with the boy or girl placed on it, three, five, or seven times; the women then, taking some thread, and stretching it, walk round them four times, and then tie this thread with some blades of doorvu grass, round the right arm of the boy and the left arm of the girl. They prepare also a kind of ointment, with oil and spices fried together, and rub it on the head and all over the bodies of the young couple. All these actions have no other meaning, than that they are tokens of joy. In the forenoon, at both houses, to secure the happiness of the boy and girl, they present offerings to deceased ancestors. The bridegroom, as a mark of affection, sends to the bride a present of fish, beetle, sweetmeats, plantains, sour milk, and cloth; in some cases, the bride makes a similar present to the bridegroom. In the course of the afternoon, the heads of the young couple are shaved; and while the bridegroom stands upon a stone placed in the middle of a small artificial pool of water, round which trees are planted, and lamps placed, the wicks of which are made of the fruit of the thorn-apple plant, the women bring the pot containing the lamp, the ball of paste called shree, and a number of other precious things, and going up one by one to the bridegroom, with these things touch his forehead. If the person has the means, the rest of the time till night is occupied in feasting relations, bramhuns, neighbours, &c. The bride, bridegroom, and the person who gives the bride in marriage, all fast till the wedding is over.’

The marriages of the rich are often very splendid, and it is not unusual for 100,000 roopees to be spent on the occasion. In an account of the costume of the Hindoos, we find the following curious note :—

‘It is remarkable to what excellent uses the toes are applied in India. In England, it is hard to say whether they are of any use whatsoever. A man could certainly walk and ride without them; and these are the principle purposes to which the

feet are applied in Europe. But here the toes are second-hand fingers; they are called the "feet fingers," in Bengalee. In his own house, a Hindoo makes use of them to fasten the clog to his feet, by means of a button, which slips between the two middle toes. The taylor, if he does not thread his needle, certainly twists his thread with them; the cook holds his knife with his toes, while he cuts fish, vegetables, &c.; the joiner, the weaver, &c. could not do without them, and almost every native has twenty different uses for the toes. It is true, I have heard of a maimed sailor in England writing with his toes, which is rather more than what I have seen in this country; but yet, this is only another proof of what might be done, even with the toes, should necessity arise, to make us set our toes as well as our wits to work.

A specimen of Hindoo compliments shall form our last extract for the present:—

'In their forms of address and behaviour in company, the Hindoos must be ranked amongst the politest nations. It is true, there is a mixture of flattery and of fulsome panegyric in their address, but this is given and received rather as the requirement of custom than the language of the heart. It is a polish always understood to lie on the surface; it pleases without deceiving any body. When he enters the presence of his spiritual guide, the Hindoo prostrates himself, and, laying hold of his feet, looks up to him, and says, "You are my saviour;" to a benefactor, he says, "You are my father and mother;" to a man whom he wishes to praise, "You are religion incarnate;" or, "O, Sir, your fame is gone all over the country; yes, from country to country."—"As a benefactor, you are equal to Kurnu."—"You are equal to Yoodhist'hiru in your regard to truth."—"You have overcome all your passions."—"You shew due respect to all."—"You are a sea of excellent qualities."—"You are devoted to the service of your guardian deity."—"You are the father and mother of bramhuns, cows, and women."'

(To be continued.)

THE NORTH POLAR PASSAGE.

(Continued from p. 755.)

In noticing the near approaches to the Pole which have been made by vessels engaged in the whale fishery, we may observe that the accounts ought to be received with some degree of caution, as many of the masters of the vessels were not scientific men, although, from long experience in navigating these seas, they had, perhaps, gained considerable knowledge respecting them. One of the reasons why near approaches to the Pole have not been more frequent, was, that while whales could be caught in more southern latitudes, there was no inducement for those engaged in the fishery to proceed further.

In the year 1662-3, the Royal Society proposed nineteen queries concerning Greenland. Among the answers which they received, was one from Mr. Grey, who had been in these seas, and who states,—'I once met, upon the coast of Greenland, a Hollander that swore he had been but half a degree from the Pole, showing me his journal, which was also attested by his mate, where they had seen no ice or land, but all water.' The secretary of the Royal Society declared that this was incredible; but Mr. Boyle mentions a similar account as that of Mr. Grey, which he received from an old Greenland master, on the 5th of April, 1676; and, according to Wood, who sailed on the discovery of a north-east passage to Japan, in 1676,—'Captain Goulden, who had made above thirty voyages to Greenland, did relate to his Majesty, that being at Greenland some twenty years before, he was in

company with two Hollanders to the eastward of Edge's Island, and that the whales not appearing on shore, the two Hollanders were determined to go farther northward, and, in a fortnight's time, returned, and gave it out that they sailed into the latitude 89°, and that they did not meet with any ice, but a free and open sea; and that they there run a very hollow *grown* sea, like that of the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Goulden not being satisfied with the bare relation, they produced him four journals, out of the two ships, which testified the same, and that they all agreed within four minutes.' Wood, having been unsuccessful himself, treats this account as fabulous. The Dutch journals, however, produced to the States General in 1665, on the application for a discovery of the north-east passage to Japan, state having been in north latitude 88° 56', and the sea open. And Dr. Dallie, a native of Holland, who communicated Roggewein's circumnavigation to Dr. Campbell, stated that, when very young, he was on board a Dutch ship of war sent to superintend the Greenland fishery. In the interval between the fisheries, the captain tried if he could reach the Pole, and actually penetrated as far north as latitude 88°, when 'the weather was warm, the sea perfectly free from ice, and rolling like the Bay of Biscay.' The captain might have gone farther, but he returned to his station, which having neglected, he would not suffer any journal to be made.

To come to more recent times, James Hutton, who had been nearly forty years in the whale fishery, states that, in 1744, he was on board the ship *London*, Capt. Guy, and was in latitude 81½; that he had been several times at the Seven Islands and the Waygat Straits, which were sometimes clear from ice, and, at other times, it set in so rapidly as to render an escape difficult. He adds, 'that he was once in a ship which attempted to pass through the Waygat, nor did the master desist till they shoaled the water to three fathoms, when the sea was so clear that they could distinguish the bottom from the deck.'

Mr. Fisher, who had been twenty voyages to Greenland, in the year 1746, steered from Hakluyt's Headland, N. and N. W. in clear water till they were in latitude 82°, 34', where they made their fishery; he thinks they might have gone farther north, and have even reached the Pole, if they did not meet with rocks.

Mr. Watt, a master and commander in the royal navy, told Mr. Barrington that, in the year 1751, when on board the *Campbeltown*, Captain M'Callan, engaged in the Greenland fishery, they proceeded without the least obstruction to 83½, when the sea was not only open to the northward, but that they had not seen a speck of ice for the last three degrees. The captain and the crew felt persuaded they might have reached the Pole, but the captain knowing he would be blamed by the owners, in case of accident, did not venture farther.

'Captain Cheyne states that he was as far as 82° north latitude, and Mr. John Phillips, mate of the *Loyal Club*, in the year 1752, reached north latitude 81° and several minutes, where he says it is very common to fish. Mr. Ware, mate of the *Sea Nymph*, Captain Wilson, sailed through floating ice from 74 to 81°, at the latter end of June, 1754; and having then proceeded beyond the ice, they pursued the whales to 82°, 15'. The sea was then perfectly clear, and the captain had a strong inclination to push farther towards the Pole, but the sailors remon-

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strated, that 'if they should be able to proceed so far, the ship would fall to pieces, as the Pole would draw all the iron work out of her.' In the same year and month, Captain Grey, of the Unicorn, anchored in Magdalena Bay, on the western coast of Spitzbergen, and north latitude $79^{\circ} 35'$. They continued in the bay three or four days, and then proceeded with an easy sail for four days without meeting with any ice; on the fifth day, the wind veered to the westward, and Mr. Adams, then on board, and who was afterwards master of an academy at Waltham Abbey, had a good observation (the sun above the Pole), by which he found they were three degrees to the northward of Hackluyt's Headland, or in north latitude 83° . On looking from the fore top-mast head, they saw a sea as free from ice as any part of the Atlantic Ocean, and it was the opinion of all on board that they might have reached the Pole.

In the same year, (as Dr. Maskelyne, the astronomer, relates,) Mr. Stephens was driven off Spitzbergen, together with a Dutch ship, by a S. S. E. wind N. N. westerly, by compass, into latitude $84\frac{1}{2}$, within $5\frac{1}{2}$ degrees of the Pole. They saw no land after leaving Hackluyt's Headland, and met with little ice, and the less the farther they went to the northward. This is the third instance of ships having reached a high northern latitude, namely from $82\frac{1}{2}$ to $84\frac{1}{2}$ in the same year.

In 1756, Mr. Montgomery, master of the Providence, reached 83° north latitude, and a Greenland master states that the sea was open to the northward during that summer. Captain Ford, of Manchester, was as far north as latitude $81^{\circ} 30'$ in the year 1759 or 1760, and has been several times as far as 81° without meeting with any uncommon circumstances. In 1762, David Boyd, master of the brig Betsey, was driven, by a gale of wind, from 79° to 82° , during all which time he was beset in ice. In 1766, Mr. Wheatley, of the Grampus, was off Hackluyt's Headland, where, not meeting with success, he sailed north-west to $81\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, in which latitude he could see no ice in any direction. Mr. W. felt persuaded he might have reached the Pole.

In the following year, Mr. Standridge, of Hull, was as far as 80° north latitude, and found the less ice the further he went north. In 1769, Mr. John Thew, master of a Greenland ship, was in north latitude 82° , and one hundred leagues to the westward of Hackluyt's Headland. Captain Marshall, when mate of the Royal Exchange Greenland ship, in the year 1770, was as high as $82^{\circ} 30'$ north latitude; and, in the following year, he was in 81° , when he found a clear sea to the northward as far as could be seen from the mast-head. Captain Brown, of the Free-love, in the year 1770, was in 82° north latitude, when the water was quite clear.

Captain Dale was in latitude 81° in the year 1773, when he was much incommoded by the ice, though the air was not sensibly different from what he had found it more southerly. Captain Bateson, on the 14th of June, 1773, was as far as $82^{\circ} 15'$. In the latter end of June, in the same year, Captain Clarke, of the Sea Horse, sailed from the Hackluyt's Headland N. N. E. to $81\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, at which time there was an open sea to the northward. During this run he fell in with Captain Robinson, in latitude $82^{\circ} 20'$. In July of the same year, Captain Reed followed some whales fifteen leagues to the northward of the Headland. The captain adds that a Dutch captain, Hans Derrick, told him that he had been in the north latitude

86° , when only some small pieces of floating ice were seen, and that five small ships were in company with him. The *Journal des Sçavans*, for the year 1774, mentions the journals of a Greenland ship which reached $82^{\circ} 20'$ and the sea open.

Miller, in his Gardener's Dictionary, mentions a Captain Johnson, master of a Greenland ship, who reached 88° north latitude, and Buffon relates the same of a Captain Monson, who was probably the same person.

After furnishing these details, Mr. Barrington gives the following recapitulation of navigators who have reached high latitudes:—

' Captain John Reed	80° 45'
Captain Thomas Robinson (for three Weeks) ..	81 —
Captain John Phillips	81 odd min.
James Hutton, Jonath. Wheatley, Thos. Robinson, John Clarke (four instances) ..	81 30
Captains Cheyne and Thew (two instances) ..	82 —
Cuny and David Boyd (two instances)	82 odd min.
Mr. George Ware	82 15
Mr John Adams and Mr James Montgomery (two instances)	83 —
Mr. James Watt, Lieut. R. N.	83 30
Five ships in company with Hans Derrick ..	86 —
Capt. Johnson and Dr. Dallie (two instances; to which, perhaps, may be added Capt. Monson, as a third)	88 —
Relation of the two Dutch masters to Captain Goulden	89 —
Dutch relation to Mr. Grey	89 30'

We come now to the expedition fitted out by government in 1773, under the command of Captain Phipps, afterwards Earl of Mulgrave.

(To be continued.)

The Instructress,

No. VII.

A MODERN FRIEND.

' If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.'

THE man who is infatuated with himself, and fond of his own wit, shows he has, indeed, very little or none at all; woe be to him who is obliged to be much in his company! What a parcel of whimsical phrases must he endure? How many of those bold words, which appear of a sudden, live a moment, then die and are forgotten? If he tells a piece of news, it is merely for the merit of telling it, and telling it handsomely; it grows a romance under his hands.—He makes men think after his own manner, puts his own trivial expressions in their mouths, and makes them like himself, very talkative; he falls at last into parentheses, which may pass for episodes, and by which speaker and hearer forget what they were about. What would become of both, should not somebody else come in luckily to break up the conversation, and put an end to the story?—

' Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the mode, comply: more sense is shewn
In wearing other's follies than your own.'

But, as we are told nothing was made in vain under

the sun, so Minio is very useful to such as have wealth; he eases them of the trouble of their superfluity; saves them the labour of hoarding up money, making bargains, locking coffers, carrying the keys about with them, or fearing a domestic thief; assists them in their pleasures, and in time becomes serviceable to them in their passions:—

'Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer,
Or living pendent dangling at his ear,
For ever whisp'ring secrets which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a glass, with flatt'ring grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face?
Or happier pin to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;
Or cushion when his heaviness shall please
To loll or thump it for his better ease;
Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke.'

With such servility, Minio does more; he not only commands 'my lord,' but he also commands the noble family. He regulates their conduct, is the oracle of the house, triumphs in management, sets every one his task, hears and decides; says of this slave, he shall be punished, and he is whipped; of another, he shall be freed, and he is set at liberty; if a parasite does not make him laugh, he must be dismissed, lest he should give him offence, and it goes well with the master of the house if he leaves him his wife and children. If he is at table, and says such a dish is excellent, the master and his guests govern themselves by his palate, and are of his opinion. Every eye is upon him, observing his looks and carriage, before he pronounces sentence on the wine and victuals before him; seldom stirs out of the family where he is governor; there he eats, drinks, sleeps, and digests,—quarrels with his servants, receives his workmen, and dismisses his creditors; reigns and domineers in the great hall; receives there the homage of those servants, who, more subtle than their fellows, by his mediation alone come at their master. If a person enters whose misfortune it is to have a complexion disagreeable to his humour, he frowns and turns away his head; if he comes up to him, he sits still; if he sits down, he removes himself further off; if he talks, he is mute; if he continues to talk, Minio gets into another chamber; if he follows, Minio makes to the staircase, and would rather leap down stairs, or get out at a window, than be accosted by a man whose face or voice he dislikes. He is himself happy in both, and they serve to insinuate and win upon such as he has occasion for; every thing at last is below him, and he scorns to preserve his favour by the little ways he acquired it. It is a favour, if sometimes he sallies out of his meditation and silence to contradict, and, to shew his wit, condescends to find fault; instead of expecting he should hearken to you in his turn, or be complaisant, or commend your judgment, you are not always sure he will permit your approbation, or suffer your complacency. After he has ruined his patron, he separates at a moment's notice, and, if he has made his nest with the feathers he has plucked, he sets up for a lounge in some fashionable street, and quizzes the misfortunes of that imprudence which he has been so instrumental in accomplishing.

May such a knave never find admission into any worthy family, whether great or not; and may he never enter the threshold of the humble cottage of the

INSTRUCTRESS.

Original Poetry.

NARCISSA.

WHEN Phæbus with his cheerful ray
Illumes more southern skies,
All nature mourns, the god of day
Droops, sickens, fades, and dies.
But when more ardent he returns,
High gleaming from afar,
Parch'd up with heat all nature burns
Beneath his rapid car.
By fair Narcissa's brighter eyes
Thus doubly we expire;
Cheerless if she their light denies,
And scorch'd beneath their fire.

F. O.

THE LAST ADIEU.

My dream of happiness is past,
My ling'ring hope is o'er,
The dreaded hour is come at last,
We part,—to meet no more.
O, take this flatt'ring sigh, my love,
Deem it my latest breath,—
Retain it in thy breast, my love,
And cherish it till death.
For, O, it is the last you'll hear
From this sad bosom break;
In mem'ry keep it, and revere
It for thy lover's sake
What boots the tender joys we've shar'd,
What recompense to me,—
From the most distant hope debarr'd
Of ever seeing thee?
O cruel thought, it mads my brain!
I lose my aching sight,—
Already 'tis an age of pain,
An age of endless night!
Had silent death, with callous hand,
Laid thee beneath the sod,
I'd bow to the supreme command,
And look through thee to God.
But to be thus asunder torn,
By selfish power's control,
Is mis'ry more than can be borne,
Too great for human soul!
The world with worldly views will say,
'Tis proper we should part,
With ease such love pretenders may,
Because they want a heart.
The fire of love, with ardent rays,
Their sickly souls ne'er knew,
They ne'er inhal'd the fervid blaze,
Nor breath of rapture drew!
Ye days, ye hours, ye moments fled,
From all but mem'ry's view,
Alas! how fleet your pleasures sped,
All bright, but transient too:
That to my heart they still are dear,
O mem'ry! thou canst prove;
Else at the thought why starts a tear
Of mingled grief and love?
If sympathy of soul is felt
By those we love, away
My sweet, thy heart with grief must melt,
And rue the Parting Day.

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O it must feel as mine now feels,
Oppress'd with sad regret,
And this the sorrow it reveals—
That thus to part we met.

Here let me end the woe-fraught theme,
And seek some calm relief,
My pleasure's vanish'd like a dream,
But left me real grief.

Now all is past, my sweet, farewell,
While life and love are mine,
This honest truth my tongue shall tell—
My heart is wholly thine. VERITAS.

A PICTURE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN GREECE.

[FROM THE ROMAÏK OF DR. CHALIKI OF ST. MAURA.]

SAID Liberty, 'Hermes, you know it full well
That I am a goddess of heavenly birth,
By Jove sent to comfort the mortals of earth,
But strictly enjoin'd, by Almighty decree,
To give aid to such only as wish to be free.
When first I came down to the states of fair Greece,
I brought in my train smiling Plenty and Peace;
And there did we flourish for many a year,
In the lap of delight, without sorrow or care.
Then Wisdom and Valour protecting the land,
With Truth and Benevolence went hand-in-hand;
There flourish'd bright Science beneath our mild sway;
There the prince of sweet singers first hailed the fair day,
And there sung in strains so sublime and so sweet,
Of Achilles's wrath, and of Hector's defeat,
That Apollo pronounced, with a heart rending groan,
By the Styx, I'm for ever and ever undone!
For all the fan'd sounds of my favourite fiddle
Are, compared to the Greek, but a mere teedle deedle!
Then grasp'd he the favourite fiddle and bow,
By Despair urged to madness, and snapt them in two;—
Now Jove, in his place, has preferr'd the old Grecian,
Apollo is only the second musician.
There the chisel and pencil in emulous strife
Vied who should come nearest to equal the life;—
There melody floated on every breeze,
That softened the rocks, and enchanted the trees.
There the lily-robed nymph, smiling Innocence, played,
With her pipe and her crook in Arcadian shade;
And Health and Contentment together were seen,
Right cheerily dancing, at dusk, on the green;
While pallid disease and old winter-faced Care
Among the gay throng never dared to appear.
There Eloquence charmed the list'ning throng
While warm persuasion flowed full from her tongue,
Till the patriot, heated, drew forth from the sheath
The sword that returned but with glory or death.—
Such was Greece while she valued the blessings I brought,
She sought what was fit, and she had what she sought;
Though, now, in the fetters of slavery driven,
She, then, was on earth the fair emblem of Heaven;—
But Luxury came with voluptuous smile
With flatt'ring lips and smooth tongue to beguile;
With the voice of a Syren my Grecia she gained,
Then calmly triumphant her victim she chained
In the cave of foul Slavery, dark, loathsome, and drear,
Which the sun's cheering radiance never comes near—
Where spiders, envenom'd, around the black walls
And the poison-charged scorpion retrograde crawls;
Where cold morbid drops ooze along the foul cell,
And mortal the air is, and putrid the smell.
Where Mis'ry groans and sad Indigence mourns;
Where trembles pale Ague, and Pestilence burns;
Where millions of evils are prompt at command
Of the fury to fly uncontroll'd through the land;

And sullen and silent, along the dark entry,
Tartarean tyranny ever keeps sentry.
In that cave they prepared for my Grecia a draught
With noxious enervating qualities fraught,
That lulls all her spirit heroic asleep
As sound as the wave of the Lethean deep;
That cools all her blood like hoar winter's fell breath,
That turns it to ice at the mention of death—
That makes even valour's great primitive spring
To degraded existence like a coward to cling—
Rather bend in her chains to a tyrant the knee,
Than nobly contending to die or be free.
My efforts to strike off her fetters she scorned,—
The hand that I stretcht to relieve her she spurned;—
She refused e'en to listen to what I'd to say,
So I bade the poor maniac farewell; and away
To fair Albion, that jewel set in the green sea,
I hied, and there, since, I've lived honoured and free—

* * * * *
Now to the green Isles in th' Ionian main,
The queen of the Ocean has brought me again
With freemen to live and o'er freemen to reign.
Wherever I come, you may see what delight
Sits smiling on every brow at the sight,—
How Hebe more lightly trips over the green,—
How age's cold wrinkles are smoothed and serene,—
How gaily the swains, o'er their mountains and rocks,
With rustic simplicity, pipe to their flocks;
The ploughman how freely he carols his song,
As the soft sidelong furrow he turns along;
While his heart, full of hope and of gratitude, glows
Secure under me, he shall reap what he sows. D. M.

Fine Arts.

DULWICH GALLERY.

(Concluded from p. 743.)

'Expression, child of soul! I love to trace
Thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre
Or painter's pencil catch the vivid fire,
And beauty wakes for thee each touching grace!"

MISS WILLIAMS.

WE shall conclude our notice of the Bourgeois Gallery with a few cursory remarks on the portraits which adorn its walls. Among these, we notice some exquisite Vandycks, some of them in his best manner, and possessing much of that spirited, yet beautiful, execution which distinguishes the numerous and admirable productions of his pencil. We know not how it is, but Sir Anthony Vandyck is a great favourite with us, and we never stand before one of his portraits without forgetting, for a time, the painter, in his subject. The identity, if we may so express ourselves, and the courtly elegance of his pictures, which unite all the fire and spirited execution of his master, Reubens, with the delicate carnations and blending tints of Titian, raise him to a rank with those great men, and render him superior to almost every other portrait painter, that has ever flourished during the brightest periods of art. We likewise feel an additional source of pleasure in the productions of his pencil;—in the recollection that, from the time he spent in England, and the peculiar patronage he here enjoyed, we may almost consider him as a naturalized artist of our native country; and he has left a legacy worthy of that patronage, in the creations of his prolific genius which are scattered throughout the numerous collections of our British nobility. The beauties of his co-

louring, 'Though deep, yet clear, though gentle, yet not dull,' were, perhaps, never better exemplified than in his beautiful picture of 'Charity,' which, with its companion, an exquisite 'Madonna,' we omitted to notice in our last paper in its more appropriate place, for the purpose of keeping it with the rest of his works, which consist entirely of portraits. Among these, we were particularly struck by one of Lady Penelope Digby. Who this lady was, from our ignorance of the female branches of the Digby Family, who flourished during Vandyck's stay in England, we are unable to say; but her appearance in this exquisite portrait was sufficient to prepossess us in her favour, and while the eye glances from her pallid features to the short-liv'd rose just fallen from her hand, we cannot refrain sighing with the poet over those symbols of earthly beauty 'That gaily bloom, yet e'en in blooming die.'

His two portraits of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, are replete with energy, genius, and expression; but we must turn from these to the exquisite portrait, by the same master-mind, of the Archduke Albert. The merits of this piece, we conceive, must entitle it to a rank with the best productions of Vandyck's pencil; and we think, if there be any truth in the physiognomical principles implanted in us by nature, this great man was worthy to be pourtrayed by this inimitable limner. The determined firmness expressed by the compressed lip, as well as the whole countenance, and the hawking glance of—

'That piercing eye which strikes in us no less awe,
Than if we had encountered with the lightning
Hurled from Jove's cloudy brow,'

could never have belonged to any other than a character of the most resolute, and most inflexible perseverance. The steel armour, inlaid with gold, is executed with a minuteness of detail, and a brilliancy, yet chasteness, of effect, which is, in the highest degree, astonishing.

Among the portraits by Rubens, there is a beautiful one of Mary di Medici; our readers will recollect that it was this celebrated princess, the incidents of whose life have been embodied by the pencil of the same mighty genius, in his famous series of emblematical paintings which adorn the Luxembourg Gallery. Of the well-known and justly-admired 'Mother of Rubens' it will be superfluous here to speak; we shall merely observe, that it will stand a lasting monument of the skill and filial piety of that unparalleled master. We were particularly struck by Velasquez's fine portrait of Philip IV. of Spain. The execution of this almost matchless piece must call forth the loudest admiration from the most cursory observer. Indeed, the boldness, freedom, and mastery of handling by which this piece is distinguished, together with the peculiar identity of portraiture, the richness and mellowness of colouring, and the exquisite detail which is displayed throughout, will place this artist on a level with Titian and Vandyck in their particular branch of the art. There is a striking likeness by Sir William Beechey of a gentleman, whose name has long stood pre-eminent in the dramatic world,—a name which will be remembered with delight by every lover of the Thespian Muse, as long as classic conception of character, and a high regard to the dignity of Tragedy, shall be esteemed requisite qualifications for a tragedian. In saying this much, it will, perhaps, be needless to mention that we allude to J. P. Kemble, Esq. This portrait, which reflects equal credit upon the talents of the artist, and upon the expressive features and com-

mand of countenance of its illustrious original, forcibly reminded us of the time when it was our delight

'To set and view
His arched brow, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line, and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone, and our idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics.'

One or two pieces by Rembrandt, marked by his besetting virtues as well as his besetting faults; an exquisite portrait of a lady by A. Sacchini, in which the beautiful expression of the figure is elegantly adorned by grand, yet simple, drapery; a few by Rigaud, in which his liveliness of colouring predominates even to an excess, with a few of our own artists, complete, we believe, the principal portraits in this collection; we must not, however, omit to mention Sir Joshua Reynold's sublime portrait of Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the Tragic Muse, though it will be but cursorily; being well aware that, from its celebrity, any attempts to describe its merits would be wasteful and ridiculous excess as

'To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish.'

Upon this forcible and energetic production we could gaze for ever; the principal figure, by her imposing attitude and expressive countenance, seems 'to breathe the soul of inspiration,' while the composition of the whole, and the animated and imposing conception of the subject, would almost entitle it to rank with the finest works of historic painting. We shall close our remarks on the Bourgeois collection, by again observing that the gallery is fitted up with the greatest regard to the convenience and comfort of its visitors, and that it reflects the highest honour on the taste and liberality of its beneficent founder.

WILLIAM HENRY PARRY.

The Drama.

DRURY LANE.—Mr. Wallack has ventured too far. Brutus is certainly a character he should not have attempted, for it is one in which success was not within his reach. In several passages of the tragedy, he was certainly forcible and effective, and showed a discriminating judgment; but the character of the elder Brutus he never touched throughout the whole play: he did not even approach the dignity of the Roman. We are sorry that he undertook the character, for there is an ample field in which he may range without hazarding his professional reputation.—But, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to Mr. Wallack's qualifications for the highest walk of the drama, few will deny his fitness for the second serious character in which he appeared during the week,—that of Rolla, in the tragic play of *Pizarro*, which was revived on Monday night with a degree of success that promises many profitable repetitions. Mr. Wallack's Rolla was a judicious, spirited, and, we may add, original portrait, not copied from previous representations of the character, nor yet injured by any affected singularity or new reading. His declamation possessed much force and truth, and, in the tender as well as the heroic scenes, he interested the feelings of

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the audience, who testified their approbation by unanimous applause. In the scene in which he releases Alonzo from captivity, that in which he rescues the child, and that in which he restores him at the expense of his own life, he was very effective. In the last, in which, after restoring the child to Cora, he sinks exalting in what he had achieved, and exhausted with his wounds, he elicited the loudest applause.—Mr. Cooper played Alonzo with much dignity; this gentleman is certainly one of the most graceful actors on the stage, and his constant attention to the business of the scene is deserving of the highest commendation.—Mr. Booth went through the part of Pizarro in a very languid manner.—Mr. West's Cora was full of pathos, and the vindictive character of Elvira was ably delineated by Mrs. Glover. The play, on the whole, was very strongly cast, even to the most subordinate characters, and the splendour of the decorations reflects much credit on the establishment.

On Tuesday night, a new musical drama in three acts, called *Justice, or the Caliph and the Cocker*, was produced at this theatre. The scene is laid in Bagdad, and is founded on one of the nocturnal rambles of the renowned Caliph, Haroun Alraschid. The Caliph (Mr. Cooper) hears the story of poor Kaled, the cobbler (Harley), who was not only without money, but had not even a relation to own him, and, therefore, could not obtain the hand of Mousel (Madame Vestris). The caliph raises Kaled to the office of vizier, to show how many relations and friends a poor cobbler would have when high in office. The cobbler is quite astonished at his good luck; and, for a long time, he finds himself surrounded with well-dressed and cringing slaves, but he cannot persuade himself that he is awake; but the imaginary dream continuing, he acts the great man. While he is in office numerous relations spring up. A cousin presents him with a legacy of 30,000 crowns, left by a grandmother, and another with the lease of a country house. The Caliph at length dismisses him from his office, but he is allowed to retain the gifts, and also obtains Mousel, the girl of his heart. The under-plot is a representation of the unmerited misfortunes, unjust imprisonment, false accusation, but happy delivery and final reward of an honest merchant and his generous son, who is finally put in possession of great riches and a beautiful wife by the justice of the Caliph. Harley was very entertaining as the Cocker, and executed his important office of vizier with ludicrous dignity. Mr. Cooper was much applauded in the Caliph, which he played with much discrimination. Mr. Wallack had a character unworthy of his talents, and the same observation will apply to that of Miss Kelly. Madame Vestris, as the captivating Mousel, who was destined to share the Cocker's fortunes, had very little to do; but that little was done well. There are many other names of theatrical celebrity in the long list of the *dramatis personæ*. In productions of this nature, which are rather intended to strike the eye by their splendour than to solicit the taste by their composition, it would not be fair to try the dialogue by any severe standard. Political maxims that insure applause, and puns that provoke laughter, are among the recognised materials of writers who select this line. The piece of Tuesday night was not deficient in either; for the rank of the Caliph, and the trade of the Cocker, supplied excellent opportunities for declaiming and punning, and it is but justice to say that they were not supplied in vain. No expense appears to

have been spared in getting up this piece, and the scenery and dresses are very splendid. It was received with much applause, and has been repeated every evening.

Mr. Barnard delivered a good prologue with propriety and effect, and Miss Kelly an arch epilogue, with her accustomed spirit, in which dramatic authors were not a little ridiculed.

EPILOGUE.

To all who never in the task engage,
How easy seems composing for the stage.
'A plot with interest,' oft you hear them say,
Some pretty songs, some dialogue that's gay,
Some scenery, puns, rants, clap-traps,—there's a play.
But ask of those who seek dramatic glory,
They tell—for you tell them—a different story.
Not o'er the writer's lonely toil I pause,
There all he writes is sure to meet applause;
There scenes raise tears, which you will grin at after,
There many a joke excites the only laughter.
[There dotes he still with pleasure undiminished,
With glee unbounded till his work is finished;
Broods like a cheated hen, when housewives win it,
To sit upon a clod, and think there's life within it.]
So far 'tis pleasure—soon his pains increase,
The bowing Manager receives the piece,
Obliged, expects much pleasure in the reading.
Tells in a week what chance of its succeeding,
Reads, yawns, puts by, and hopes the cooling poet
Will guess his judgment, and not ask to know it;
Meantime, what hope or fear the author thrills,
Watching, each morn, the newspapers and bills,
And should a farce (in farce all young men burst,
Not to attempt to do much at first)—
Should a new farce the play-bills underline,
He proudly goes and tells his friends 'that's mine';
And though the title does not quite apply,
Settles they've changed it, tho' he can't tell why.
It thrives—'how hard 'twasn't mine,' his loud complaint—
It's damned, oh then he's very glad it an't.
At length demands an answer as his due,
And gets the unwilling truth, 'your piece won't do';
Ah! happier, oft, is he than those prefer'd,—
The wisest managers have often err'd;
Oft are you told what genius they neglect,
You know yourselves what dunces they protect;
Suppose the piece received for presentation,
But still just needs a little alteration:
'Cut all this scene out!' 'This!—the best I've penn'd!'—
'Shorten the whole: and then we recommend
You'd change the opening, and just re-write the end.'
At length all's fixed, nor fear of more reversals,
And then comes all the pleasure of rehearsals.
'Sir, don't you think this conversation long here;
I want a joke, and I must have a song here.'
'Sir, it's well known, I don't love running riot,
But if I speak this speech I'll be—' 'be quiet.'
The prompter calls—and bids the stage be clear,
Then some sly actress gains the author's ear.
'I've read this part, Sir, and with care looked through it;
Now I don't mean to say that I won't do it,—
I said I would, and will if you persist,
But it's so trifling, I should not be missed,
You see't yourself,—'see't ma'am, that I deny,
Because I always had you in my eye;
But to make up for what you think so weak,
We'll give you, ma'am, the epilogue to speak,
Then shall your favour for my faults atone,
And all the applause be for yourself alone.'

* * * The lines between crotches are omitted in speaking.

EAST LONDON THEATRE.—The profligate and licentious Giovanni, after having, for so long a time, amused

the town by an exposure of his frivolities and amours, and having, at the last theatre of his adventures (Drury Lane) entered into that state which 'steadies even the steady,' it might be expected, would have been left to enjoy the sweets of his reformation. But, no! it appears his eventful history is not yet finished; and, accordingly, on Wednesday night, we found an old acquaintance *Relapsed*, and in Paris, with his faithful wife Constantia, Donna Hannah, and his old servant Leperello. *Giovanni in Paris, or the Libertine Relapsed*, is very like its predecessor of Drury Lane, in point of incident;—it is lively, amusing, and got up with considerable brilliancy, exhibiting a masquerade, a display of fire-works, and some good dancing. But the chief merit of the piece is the facility it affords for the introduction of parody, which has been judiciously managed; the songs are very numerous, and selected with much taste, and the words are well chosen for the melodies. Paine was the libertine and West his servant; they both sang and played with great spirit, and the piece appeared to give complete delight to one of the most crowded audiences we have ever met at this theatre.—The excellent melo-drama of the *Vampire* has also been produced at this house in a style of scenic display very creditable to the management.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

Every true friend to science will rejoice to hear that Sir Humphrey Davy has been elected President of the Royal Society. Since the time of Newton, no individual was ever more deserving of the highest honours that science can confer, than the new President.

A new attempt to discover a north-west passage to the Pacific Ocean, it is said, will be attempted, under Captain Parry, next year. The attempt is not to be made in so high a latitude as Lancaster Sound, but to explore the American coast in a more southerly direction.

Professor E. D. Clarke, of Cambridge, has ascertained that the famous Soros, found by M. Belzoni, in the chamber of the tomb of the kings, which was opened by that enterprising traveller in Upper Egypt, consists wholly of aragonite. This discovery, which will give an additional interest to the most surprising relique of antiquity in the world, has been communicated by the Professor to the Cambridge Philosophical Society.

Ripening Wall Fruit.—Mr. H. Dawes, of Slough, has published the result of an experiment for facilitating the ripening of wall fruit, by covering the wall with black paint. The experiment was tried on a vine, and it is stated, that the weight of fine grapes, gathered from the blackened part of the wall, was twenty pounds ten ounces, while the plain part yielded only seven pounds one ounce, being little more than one third of the other. The fruit on the blackened part of the wall was also much finer, the bunches were larger, and ripened better than on the other half;—the wood of the vine was likewise stronger, and more covered with leaves on the blackened part.

Baron Niebuhr, Prussian ambassador to the Holy See, has again discovered and published several manuscript works hitherto unknown. They are chiefly fragments of Cicero's Orations *Pro M. Fonteio* and *Pro C. Rabirio*; a fragment of the ninety-first book of Livy; and two works of Seneca. He has dedicated the publication to the Pope, by whose favour he was enabled to discover these literary treasures in the library of the Vatican.

The Bee.

*Florifera ut apes in saltibus omnia linant,
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta!*

LUCRETIVS.

Fashions—In an Italian book printed a century ago, there is this bon mot of a fool, who went about the streets naked, carrying a piece of cloth upon his shoulders. He was asked by some one, why he did not dress himself, since he had the material? 'Because,' replied he, 'I wait to see in what manner the fashions will end.'

Anacreontic.

LOVE! the youthful poet's theme,
Love! the gentle maiden's dream;
Boy! they surely do belie thee
When they station Folly by thee.—
Yet if true what grey-beards teach,
That reason flies beyond the reach,
That folly's proof in loving lies—
Where's the mortal would be wise?

Epitaph on a Tombstone in Runcour Church Yard—'This stone is erected by Eneas Morrison, the husband of Jane Morrison, to designate the spot where her remains are deposited, that her infant children, when they shall have attained a more mature age, may approach it with reverential awe, and pledge their vows to heaven to respect her memory by imitating her virtues.'

The following Books are just published by SHERWIN & Co.
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